

Society wondered how low it could sink. Over the eons, Society certainly had its hills and valleys. As did Culture. There had been glorious periods of development, at times lasting decades. And there had been the inglorious periods of bread and circuses, of inquisitions, at times lasting decades. Still, considering their worst lows, Society and Culture agreed: today sucked.

Today, more than ever, arts were commercial and repetitive. Partly that was because in the digital age nothing was lost. Paintings and statues no longer were the cornerstone of preservation. There was innovation but competing against the classics was difficult. The sole advantage Culture had these days was new, but new reflected society, which was either static or in turmoil. As was Culture: the arts were dominated by horror stories.

Culture reflected Society. Society had always been about who had and who had not, with God on the nation's side. Winners of wars always had God on their side. Today Society was overwhelmed by greed, indulgence a close second. Society felt it was so shallow it had become a wading pool for infantile adults.

Society and Culture knew tomorrow could easily be worse than today. They looked for Hope.

They had not heard recently from Hope and had to search. They found it on the roof of a skyscraper, trying to see stars through the smog. Hope said it had been dreaming of a colony on Mars. They agreed something was needed. What Hope could inspire Society and Culture and stop all of them sliding down the steep slippery slope?

Hope suggested having people think: do babies make war? No. They represent hope. Society and Culture spread the word through the arts and news clips. Soon everyone asked, do babies make war? Everyone agreed: no.

The overwhelming response was preschool military academies.

Society and Culture joined Hope on the rooftop, looking at the stars.